THE

Johnson Journal

December, 1929

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Smith & Coutts Co., Andover, Mass.

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of the Johnson High School, North Andover, Mass.

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EDITORIAL

We wish to call the attention of the school to the splendid school spirit which is being shown. It has been very much in evidence at our football games. Each time that we have played away from home, the bus has been filled with loyal rooters. At our home games we have received even more support. It gives our players great encouragement to know that their schoolmates are there to cheer them on.

We are pleased to note the presence of many Freshmen at the games. Loyalty to our school in supporting in every way all of our activities is most commendable. May it continue!

Here again is the season for basket ball, the favorite sport at Johnson. As usual we are looking forward to a very successful season for both boys and girls. Come out for class teams, school team, or for to see. Come one, come all.

Thanksgiving greetings to Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, faculty, lunchroom, advertisers and alumni.

LITERARY

ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL

One clear, cool, winter morning my two school-mates and I started briskly off to school, after the usual preliminary "last minute" return trip for a tardily remembered article. We walked at a smart pace for two reasons; the sharp, biting air did not encourage lagging, and we had twelve minutes in which to cover the twenty minute walking distance to our school. We hurried on silently, for we could not spare our breath for talking, and each one of us was concocting (or rather, trying to concoct) a plausible excuse for tardiness, so as to be prompt when questioned. Mary, who was honest and truthful, finally remarked impatiently, "Oh, what's the use of thinking up an excuse? We might just as well take our medicine. If we stick to the truth, we can't find a good reason for being late. I think it would be much better to put all our effort into walking, and then we won't need any excuse."

We followed her wise advice and began to make better progress.

We became mildly bitter and envious as auto after auto passed us with a rush of disturbed air. I was silent, for I was busy changing my bag from one hand to the other, because my finger tips became painfully cold very quickly, and they were beginning to ache most uncomfortably.

"What luck we have!" Betty exclaimed impatiently and complainingly. "I'm sure, that if we had plenty of extra time, we would be fairly showered with invitations for a ride to school, but—"

A cheering "honk-honk" interrupted her, as the pleasing purring of an auto gradually softened when it stopped beside us. Betty's uncle, Mr. B—, smiled benignantly at us from behind the steering wheel of his closed-in car.

"Hop in, girls," he cried merrily.

"Oh, what a relief!" Betty sighed, expressing the relief of Mary and myself very effectively.

We settled back in the soft seats, while our tempers were softened by the comforting heat from the floor of the car.

The engine had just begun to sink into a steady tone, after the necessary shifting, when our comfort and good-nature, including that of Mr. B—, were sadly shattered by the unmistakeable sound of an explosion, resulting in a "flat-tire", which has temporarily ruined so many tempers.

Mr. B— thought it best that we walk on to school, while he repaired the faulty tire. We had no alternative, and after expressing our sincere concern for Mr. B—'s trouble and thanking him for his kind consideration for us we started off again. We were in sight of the school building when the first bell, which we had expected to hear any moment, rang, causing us to wince. We hastened our steps and dashed into the building tearing off our street clothing, and clambered up the stairs to our home room. We crossed the threshold of our room simultaneously with the ringing of the last bell. The decision in regard to our tardiness was in our favor, therefore we did not find it necessary to lament our lack of excuses.

Sarah Silverstein '30

One of the most interesting walks I know of is between my house and the school. Leaving my house I approach Wilson's Corner where I get a beautiful view of the city of Lawrence and can on a clear day see the foothills of the White Mountains. Walking further along I see broad meadows, beautiful trees, and shrubbery which surrounds many beautiful residences.

Next I come to the part of the town known as the Center. There in a beautiful park stands a statue of Phillips Brooks, once a resident of this town. His great works brought him world fame, and the townspeople, proud of him, have erected a statue in the most beautiful park.

Now I am passing the old burying ground. This is the oldest ground in the town and the first residents of this town are buried there. Records in this cemetery date back to the sixteenth century. The patriots who lie here are well remembered on Memorial Day.

Further along I come to the Bradstreet house, the home of one of the first governors of Massachusetts. It is a low, rambling house with a peaked roof and many panes of glass in the windows. It is said that the Indians ran over the roof of this house, on the inside of which there are bullet and arrow holes which show signs of early warfare. Washington slept in this house one night when on his way to Cambridge.

Across the street stands the Phillips Brooks house, shaded by beautiful elms and maples, and surrounded by the most beautiful shrubbery. The house is large and square with almost a flat roof. The broad veranda and massive pillars show signs of Colonial architecture. This was the home of Phillips Brooks when he was a resident of this town.

Now I approach the high school. Here my walk ends. In front of the school on a neat lawn stands a statue of a patriot. It is dedicated to the memory of the soldiers who left this town to fight for our country. Nothing could be more fitting than this statue. The high school is a beautiful brick building sur-

rounded by lawns and shade trees. It is the pride of the townspeople.

Russell Humphries '30

We have formed the habit of leaving for school at quarter of eight; this gives us plenty of time to get there before the last bell rings. It is surprising to see how many other people form regular habits and meet us at the same place every morning.

The first man we meet is one who works in Stevens Mill. He has charge of the water gates and has to regulate them every morning. The most striking thing about this man is his hat, which has become a standing joke among us.

Next we meet two girls. They also work in the mill. One of them greets us with, "Hello", and the other, "Hi", while our greetings are "Hi, Hello, and Good Morning".

The last two we meet before arriving at school are an elderly lady and gentleman. They are very polite; the gentleman always tips his hat, while they both have a cheerful, "Good Morning", for us all.

All these pleasant people with their cheerful greetings help us to start the day right.

Arthur H. Covell '30

A JUNIOR NOTICES A FRESHMAN

A Freshman enters the room. He gazes around, looking for his best friend for whom he has reserved a seat. Then he sits down. He twitches and turns for a few moments, then settles down comfortably. After a short interval he arises, and sharpens his pencil. Then he carries on a short conversation before returning to his seat. Once again he goes through the process of settling down. He glances at the clock, emits a sigh, and slowly prepares to study. Shortly afterward, he wriggles around, looking for an eraser. After settling down again, he sits gazing moodily out of the window. Suddenly he comes out of his trance, looks at the clock once more, then begins to write at a terrific pace. In a moment, the warning bell rings. He hurries even more, but to no avail, for the last bell rings before he is halfway through his work. And, when he gets to class, the instructor hears, "I couldn't finish it all."

And so he goes on. Many a freshman has learned his lesson early, but others need the best part of the school year in which to get down to business.

Freshmen, note the moral.

James Ryley '31

FIVE AND TEN

With a companion of my own age and general untidiness, I was sauntering along the street, our steps gradually reducing the distance to the confectioner's store. Clinging tenaciously

to a small coin for fear that I should lose it, I paused before the bewitching display window in which had been placed tempting sweetmeats of every description, ranging from royal chocolates to the humble black licorice and little colored jelly beans. Our eyes danced; we smacked our lips in anticipation as a greedy fox surveying a plump flock would be wont to do. I hastened to lower my friend's joyous expectations by declaring that he would receive but three meager jelly beans while I would revel in a bagful.

Dejected he hung his head. Suddenly he gave a piercing cry of joy, and stooped down. "Look," said he. And he proudly displayed a glittering coin, much larger and in my opinion much brighter than mine.

I was immediately desirous of possessing the coin for in my estimation value was based upon quantity and appearance. I sought to obtain it by a mere exchange. He shook his head obstinately. I was in despair. I summoned up all my business ability. I offered a handful of marbles and my coin. He shook his head negatively, skepticism written on his face. Finally I decided to part with my good pal, my knife, a rusty, nicked and battered piece of cutlery but still a good knife. He was a trifle doubtful so with a sigh I added my coin to conclude the bargain. The transaction was successfully completed. No trader had ever a more stubborn barter than I, even though he was engaged with the craftiest jewelers of Galconde or the wary merchants of Oman's pearl markets.

We entered the store and I deposited my coin on the counter, stating that I wanted the maximum quantity of jelly beans that the coin could buy. Receiving my bag I loitered till my friend had purchased his. To my utter consternation I saw that his bag was twice the volume of mine. Flaming under the false notion that I had been cheated of my rightful quota, I demanded an explanation from the genial confectioner, who obligingly undertook the difficult task. It took a magnificent speech aided by numerous flourishes on his part to instill in me a new idea of the value of coins, to convince me that the nickel which my comrade had found was but half the value of the dime I had primarily. With a hasty thanks I walked out, jelly beans in pocket and though I had been reduced in possession, I had gained in knowledge.

Frank Ringalo '32

SCHOOL NEWS

HONOR ROLL

The honor roll for the first six weeks is as follows:

Honors in one subject: Eileen F. Welch, Catherine Phelan, Ruth E. Perley, William J. McDuffie, James M. McClung, Joseph M. Lane, Elinor F. Greenwood, Everett E. Fletcher, Joseph F. Dziadosz, Fred G. Bastian, Mary A. Barbette, Alice Y. Williams, James E. Tacy, Joseph W. Sullivan, H. M. Roche, John Michalovich, Fred D. McRobbie, Charles Marchese, Katharine Knowles, Albert C. Kennedy, Ethel B. Jacobs, J. E. Hawkes, John E. Hanson, Charles J. Donlan, L. A. Diamont, Gertrude R. Currier, Vincent M. Costello, Maurice M. Cohen, Stanley W. Brown, Joseph H. Binns, Albert H. Williams, Jr., Frances Watnick, Hazel G. Waterhouse, Althea M. Perley, Albert E. Moran, Laura G. Holt, Elsie Hargreaves, Louise M. Espey, Isabella B. Dimery, Charlotte I. Cyr, Charlotte M. Broderick, Francis J. Boyle, Richard W. Baganski, Miriam Williams, Lena Tamagine, Anna Phelan, Constance M. O'Brien, Eliz. A. Murphy, Phyllis G. Millward, Robert E. Miller, John R. McEvoy, Jr., Helen R. Kelley, Kenneth R. Fenton, Mary E. Cunio, Ruth Covell, Gertrude Callahan, Anthony Buturlid, Jr., Philip A. Busby, Alfred B. Boush.

In two subjects: Robert S. Rockwell, Gilbert W. Smith, Edward E. Curley, Jr., Bridgid R. Vernile, Mary A. Sullivan, Mildred G. Stewart, Peter B. Sluskonis, Alice A. Roy, Loretta F. Parah, Ruth A. Morton, Henry McGregor, M. Louise Kane, Beatrice A. Goff, Rene A. Deloge, Florence Butterfield, Irene Barron, Donald S. Adams, James A. Taylor, W. Howard E. Paulson, Joan T. Russell, George W. Busby, Jr., George A. Brightman, Daniel A. Balavich.

In three subjects: James M. Ryley, John J. Phelan, Jr., Agnes T. Lang, Jean Barker, William J. Greenler, Jr., F. Gertrude Stewart, J. Arnold Ratcliffe, Avis C. Harris, E. Bernard Fawthrop.

In four subjects: Albert J. Juarceys, Frank J. Ringalo, Virginia Foster, Dorcas Curley, Thomas F. Donlan, Jr.

In five subjects: Robert M. Gagne, Ruth E. Buchan, Arthur B. Bastian.

On October 11 all the students were called to the Assembly Hall to a service in memory of the hundred and fiftieth year of the death of Count Casimir Pulaski. He was a Polish Count who

fought brilliantly in the Revolutionary war, for our independence.

Miss Sargent gave a short address, then Miss Haven, one of our American History teachers, gave a biographical sketch of Pulaski's life. Miss Cook, another of our American History teachers, read a poem entitled "The Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem" in honor of Pulaski.

Zygmond Koper, a representative of Poland, led the school in a salute of the flag. About fifteen other pupils in the school were also of Pulaski's nationality.

On November 15, 1929, the Senior class gave the Freshman class a welcome party as has been the custom for a number of years now. The hall was very prettily decorated in orange and black. A play entitled, "The Whole Truth" was given. The cast was as follows:

Roger Ford	Malcolm Choate
Christine Ashley	Elsie Hargreaves
Amy Ashley	Teresa Michlun
Mrs. Ashley	Charlotte Broderick
Laura Townley	Erika Leonard
Cicily Sayre	Helen Lawler
Julia Thurston	Phyllis Pitman
Mrs. Owen	Martha Thompson
Mrs. Curtis	Margaret Bower
Mrs. Coulter	Mabel Barwell
Joshua	Arthur Covell

Games and dancing were enjoyed by all present.

We welcome to Johnson High two of its former students, Kent Stevenson and Zygmund Koper.

The junior class, after looking over the various rings selected by the ring committee, has selected "The Victory Ring" made by H. W. Peters and Company. The ring is of yellow gold having a black onyx stone for a background with a red enamel "J" and the word "Johnson" written diagonally across. The class numerals and lamps of knowledge decorate the shanks. There will be no repetition of idea as this design was drawn expressly for Johnson. The rings are expected by Thanksgiving time.

The committee members were: Robert Kelly, Priscilla Joselyn, Austin Fletcher, Sarah Murphy and Robert Rockwell.

Miss Marion Case of the Commercial Department, one of the most popular members of our faculty, has left us. Miss Case goes to a position in South Manchester, Conn. She has been with us for many years, and will be sincerely missed by all members

of the faculty and student body.

We are very glad to welcome in her place Miss Alice Neil of Arlington, Mass. We hope she may enjoy her work with us.

The typewriting awards for the months of September and October are as follows:

September

Lillian Elander—Underwood—34 words, 4 errors.

Hazel Phillips—Underwood—35 words, 5 errors.

October

James Cunningham—Royal—30 words, 5 errors.

Dorothy Jackson—Royal—35 words, 4 errors.

Ruth Perley—Royal—35 words, 2 errors.

Catherine Phelan—Remington—31 words, 5 errors. Royal —33 words, 4 errors.

Hazel Phillips—Underwood—40 words, 2 errors.

The officers who have been chosen to serve during the school year 1929-30 for their respective classes are as follows:

The Freshman class: John Phelan, President; Irene Barron, Treasurer; Joseph Flynn, Secretary.

The Sophomore class: Arthur Bastian, President; Robert Richardson, Treasurer; Ruth Buchan, Secretary.

The Junior class: Robert Kelly, President; Elinor Greenwood, Treasurer; Helen Keighley, Secretary.

The Senior class: Charles Stillwell, President; Margaret Bower, Treasurer; Martha Thompson, Secretary.

ATHLETICS

The football season opened this year with much better prospects for success than Johnson has had for many years.

Coach Hayes issued a call for football men early in the season. Many men responded to the call, among them a number from last year. The line is stronger this year and Coach Hayes has developed a very speedy backfield. The squad consists of: A. Fletcher, R. Kelley, A. Ratcliffe, D. Neville, J. Phelan, C. Stillwell, W. Bower, D. Neil, A. Covell, G. Kennedy, J. Dziadosz, S. Tetler, R. Baganski, C. Knowles, A. McGregor, M. Bottomly and Capt. R. Stork.

Captain Ralph Stork has been unable to play so far this season because of an injury to his back. It is expected that he will play in the Methuen and Woodbury games.

Johnson opened the football season on Sept. 21, when they met the strong Newburyport High team. They played a team much heavier than theirs and entirely out of their class. It is no wonder they were beaten by the score of 32-0.

Johnson journeyed to Danvers Sept. 28, to play a team in its own class. The work of Kelley is to be commended and the interference he was given by his men was excellent. The only touchdown of the game was made by Austin Fletcher. Johnson came home with a victory of 7-0.

Oct. 12 Johnson played Keith Academy of Lowell. The game was very exciting and gave the spectators many thrills. The game was well played, the teams being evenly matched. Johnson was victor by a score of 7-6.

Johnson played Methuen on October 19. The game was not exciting until the third period when Coach Hayes put in Capt. Ralph Stork. The first time Stork was given the ball he went over the line. Much to the delight of Johnson and the dismay of Methuen, there was no more scoring in the remainder of the game. Johnson won 7-0.

The football schedule for the remainder of the season is as follows:

Oct. 26. Manning at home.
Nov. 2. At Manchester, Mass.
Nov. 9. Chelmsford at home.
Nov. 16. Howe at home.
Nov. 28. Woodbury at Salem, N. H.

Early in the beginning of the football season, the Athletic Association offered to give a prize of five dollars to the pupil of the school who would write a usable school or field song.

Miss Sargent and Mr. Hayes chose four very good songs upon which the pupils of the school were to vote. The almost unanimous vote of the school was for the song entitled, "Fight for Johnson", by Alice Y. Williams of the Freshman class. Congratulations to Miss Williams.

We print the song:

Fight for Johnson, fight for Johnson, fight for Johnson High
We will win, win today in this fray.
Fight for Johnson, fight for Johnson, fight for Johnson High
Watch our men break the line here today.
When they ask you what your school is, then say,
Johnson High, all the strength of that team we defy.
Give a cheer rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, for Johnson High
Dear old Johnson we'll win for you.

Tune: "On the Mall".

The other songs were so very good that Miss Sargent thought we ought to reward the writers for their efforts.

Robert Gagne '32 was given the second prize of three dollars for the song "Johnson Wins".

Miss Ruth Cramton, '30 and Alfred Bush '32 were each given a prize of one dollar for the songs entitled "Johnson High, Dear Johnson High", and "When Johnson is the Victor".

The election of officers for the Athletic Council was held in June 1929. The following pupils were elected for the year 1929-30:

President—Charles Stillwell
Vice-President—James Phelan
Treasurer—Charlotte Broderick
Secretary—Margaret Bower

In the fall of 1929 the following class members were elected to the Athletic Council:

Senior Class: Kent Stevenson, Helen Lawler, Malcolm Choate.
Junior Class: Priscilla Joselyn, Donald Neil.
Sophomore Class: Allan Morse, Philip Busby.
Freshman Class: Charles Donlon.

ALUMNI

CLASS OF 1929

Ruth M. Bode	Lawrence Commercial School
Dorothy M. Bolton	Abbot Academy
Marion G. Buchan	Boston Conservatory of Music
Mildred L. Champion	At home
Mary A. Costello	Rogers Hall
Gerald W. Curren	Northeastern University
Adela Dainowski	Lowell Normal
Roger J. Dehullu	Emil DeHullu, Lawrence
Thomas F. Donlan	Post Graduate
Cornelius J. Donovan	Working
Robena D. C. Eagle	Lawrence Commercial School
Lucy E. Elliot	Cannon's Commercial School
Cladys M. Enaire	Working
C. Winifred Fitzgerald	Stevens Library
Edmund J. Fogarty	At home
Abbot S. Galaher	Working
Edward W. Galaher	Wilcox's Garage
Helen M. Gallant	
T. Gladys Gill	Lawrence Commercial School
F. Clifford Gillespie	Working
Marian E. Glennie	Dean Academy
Robert T. Graham	Massachusetts Institute Tech.

Blanch V. Greenwood	Massachusetts School of Art
Mary F. Grogan	At home
Arthur W. Hawkes	Northeastern University
Elsa M. Heider	Lawrence General Hospital
Julia F. Juarceys	Lawrence Commercial School
Katherine P. Keighley	St. John's Hospital
Michael F. Marchese	Cannon's Commercial School
Selina McClung	Boston University
Marion C. McGregor	Jackson College
Kathleen McMurray	Lawrence Commercial School
Douglas A. Neil	Working
Ethelyn M. Patterson	Lawrence Commercial School
Ruth M. Putnam	Dean Academy
Anna M. R. Reilly	Miss Lesley's School
Arline M. Roberts	Quality Laundry—Bookkeeper
Mildred E. Schruender	Post Graduate
Mary F. Sheridan	St. Elizabeth's Hospital
Hazel Lois Taylor	Post Graduate
John J. Thompson	Wentworth Institute
Alice A. Venner	Lawrence Commercial School
Anna Watnick	Lawrence Commercial School
Ruth N. Whitney	Knuepfer and Dimmock
Rita E. M. Winning	M. T. Stevens Co. Office

CLASS OF 1928

Harry Wilcox has given a small radio set to the Science department for experimental work.

JOKES

GETTING OUT A PAPER

Getting out a paper is no picnic.

If we print jokes, people say we're silly.

If we don't, they say we're too serious.

If we publish original matter, we lack variety.

If we publish things from other papers, we are too lazy to write.

If we stay on a job, we ought to be out getting news.

If we are out getting news, we aren't attending to business in our staff.

If we don't print contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.

If we print them the paper is filled with junk.

Like as not some fellow will say we swiped this from an exchange.

Maybe we did!

Miss Clara Chapman: "Can anyone describe a worm?"

Charlie Twombly: "Yep, a worm's a caterpillar wot lost everything playing poker."

Miss Hatch: "Your conscience is the thing that tells you when you do wrong. Choate, have you a conscience?"

Choate: (gloomily) "Yes'm. Two of 'em married to each other."

Red Kennedy: "What courses are you going to take up next semester?"

Bottomley: "Vegetable and milk, I guess; Coach Hayes is awfully strict."

Red Fletcher: "All the girls nowadays have impromptu faces."

Dunnie Neal: "What d' you mean?"

Red: "Aw, they make'em up as they go along."

Erika: "Kent admires everything about me—my eyes, my voice, my figure, my complexion, my hair."

Elsie: "And what do you admire most about him?"

Erika: "His good taste."

Blessed is the teacher who expects nothing for she shall not be disappointed.

GRADUATE!

Every undergraduate of Johnson High School should graduate if possible before considering a course at the Lawrence Commercial School.

EDWARD D. MCINTOSH, *Principal*

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